

Humorous Reading.

An Old Song With New Words.

A correspondent of the Atlanta News gives the following words to the old but ever popular air of "Bun Bolt":

Oh! don't you remember the boys, Bill Ross,
The boys with their asses so red,
Who drank with delight whenever they met,
And always went drunk to bed?

In the old churchyard, at the edge of the town,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have gone to rest, and the gay young sprigs
Have dropped off, one by one.

And don't you remember the boys, Bill Ross,
The boys with their asses so red,
Who drank with delight whenever they met,
And always went drunk to bed?

Where oftentimes we've laid in the hot summer's
day,
And drank to our utmost fill?

The spring is filled with mud, Bill Ross;
The wild birds riot all around;
And the good old jigs, with their whistles so sweet,
Lies broken and split on the ground.

Oh! don't you remember the boys, Bill Ross,
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A Delicate Bride.

Between Ureka and Jacksonville, Ore., there was a wedding last winter, about the time of the deep snow, when Mr. P. and Mrs. P. were married. The families of the respective parties to the marriage were in attendance, and the party was rather after the old-fashioned style, made up of neighbors, their wives and babies, and any body that happened to be stopping anywhere within accessible distance. It was a pleasant affair; but, like all similar assemblages, it dispersed, and the bride returned to her chamber, first having whispered to the fond groom, "Don't come up for half an hour." This being a first request, he obeyed, waited the time anxiously, nor let the hand of the ticking clock pass by a second of the limit, and he had gone to her with whom his life was joined.

At the door of the bride's chamber, and receiving no reply, he cut open the door, and saw his wife lying on the bed, arrayed in night gear of the purest white, presenting a picture of beauty, taste, loveliness, beyond comparison. The step-father, a close look, and the blood rushed back to his heart—he was dead! Loud yells for help, father, mother, brother, sister, bridesmaids, all the household rushed to the room. The mother discovered that her daughter still breathed, but horror upon horror! there lay the empty vase from which the fatal draught had been taken. Messengers were dispatched for physicians, the patient was rubbed and sprinkled, and hopes were entertained of her revival, symptoms looking favorable. At this juncture, some one picked up a piece of folded paper from a table, on which was written, in the delicate hand of the fair young bride: "Be not alarmed, dear husband. Feeling that the occasion would be too much for my nerves, I have taken chloroform. Yours Ows Wife."

It appeared best to the precise commissioners of the town of M., of Northern New York, to refuse license for the sale of intoxicating liquors to all persons save a doctor of known integrity and strong temperance principles, who promised not to sell except for medicinal or mechanical purposes. One Wheeler, an eccentric Irish cobbler—longed for a quiet drink, and with a sober air and smooth tongue, petitioned the doctor for a quart of gin.

"For what purpose do you wish it?" asked the doctor.

"Sure, doctor, I've been very bad for nearly ten days back with a great gonor, in my stomach, and not a drop of good can I get from any thing in these turns but gin to soak some roots in."

"And you tell me upon your honor, Wheeler, that you only wish the gin to soak some roots in, and to be taken as a medicine for a weak stomach?"

"Faith, as I live, doctor, I only want the gin to soak some roots in."

The doctor, confident from his sallow appearance that the man was sick, and that a little tonic bitters would not harm him, handed him the quart bottle and received his pay. Wheeler, on reaching the side-walk, flouted the doctor, who was still standing in the door, placed his thumb upon his nose, and made sundry gyrations with the fingers, while with the other hand he placed the bottle to his mouth, and took a long, invigorating guzzle of the gin.

"Stop!" cried the doctor; "you gave your honor that you only wanted the gin to soak some roots, and here you are drinking yourself dead drunk."

"Faith, doctor, and I'm after telling you no lies. I wanted the gin sure to soak the roots of me old tongue, which was so dry I could never swallow a mouthful of meat to strengthen my stomach."

The doctor, like his gin, was sold.

Showman Sold.

Showmen, as a general rule, are tolerably "sharp," and it is no easy matter to overreach them; but when they are fooled, it is a matter of great amusement to those present. I was a witness to one of the best "sells" of the kind I have ever heard of. Last summer, there was an exhibition in a tent, on one of our public lots—a sort of menagerie on a small scale. Before the entrance to the tent, the proprietor was boasting of the innumerable wonders to be seen for a shilling, to a considerable crowd. While in the midst of a speech, overflowing with large words, he was somewhat summarily interrupted by the following exclamation from a man near him, who had a boy with him:

"I'll bet you a five, that you cannot let me see that lion!"

"Done!" said the showman, eagerly.

"Put up your money."

The man placed a five dollar bill in the hand of a bystander, and the showman, counting out the change, did the same.

"Now walk this way," said the showman; "and I'll convince you!"

The man and his little boy followed him into the tent, the whole crowd following.

"There!" said the showman, triumphantly. "Look at that corner, at that beautiful lion!"

"Where?" asked the man, looking in every direction but the right one.

"Why, there!" was the astonished reply.

"I don't see any," responded the other.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the showman, who began to "smell a very large mice."

"I'm blind!" was the grinning reply.

That showman was very industriously employed in turning out the crowd, for the next few minutes, while the blind man pocketed the stakes, and went his way.

The Tilter.

I saw her but a moment,
Twas in a tilting skirt;
How prettily she sailed along,
The charming little girl!

I saw her but a moment,
Ab! 'twas a pretty sight
To see her tread the crowded street,
With footsteps free and light.

I saw her but a moment,
Yet I swore by the Old Harry,
Though a pretty thing to look at,
She would never do to marry.

Though I saw her but a moment,
Yet I knew she was a flirt;
By the jaunty air she put on,
As she swung her tilting skirt.

A few weeks ago Dr. Clark was called to attend an old gentleman, who had unfortunately fallen and broken his leg. The anxious family, children and grandchildren, clustered around him, as serious doubts were entertained of the old man's being able to withstand the shock he had received. The doctor assured them that he would get along, but they were very fearful that he would be crippled for life. When at last the surgeon had completed his labors of setting and bandaging the broken limb, and was about to leave the house, one of the old man's sons, a stout fellow of twenty or more, called the doctor aside, and with great earnestness inquired:

"Doctor, will you tell me candidly, do you think the old gentleman will get well?"

"You need feel no solicitude on that point, John," replied the doctor; "I am very sure he will."

"Well, now, doctor," John began again, with anxiety in his face, "do you think he will ever be able to walk again?"

"I fear not," said the doctor; "at least not without crutches."

John's face brightened as he added, "Well, the reason for my wanting to know was that; last week, the old man bought a first rate pair of new boots, and they just fit him; so, if you think he won't want 'em any more, I would like to have 'em!"

Nice boy that—that very!

Free and Easy.—Old Parson M., of Torrington, was a queer sort of a man. One time, when his congregation had most of them, disposed themselves for their evening nap, he startled them, as well as their ideas of propriety, by asking in his loudest tone,

"How's the price of butter?"

At another time, some strangers coming to church with him, the congregation paid more attention to them than they did to him. Losing all patience, he stopped in his sermon and said,

"Those folks in my pew are my cousins from H—, so you needn't stare at them any more."

An army friend has given us an anecdote, in connection with the capture of President Davis, which we have not seen in print, and which is characteristic of the ready wit of the Irishman. Of its truth (we mean the occurrence of the anecdote, of course) there is said to be no doubt. Here it is:

"A member of a Yankee Regiment, which had captured President Davis, marching along, with his command, amid great exultations, and enjoying a high degree of personal exhilaration, incident to the occasion, came across an Irishman, leaning on his spade.

"Well," said the Yankee, "we've got your President."

"Well," said the Irishman, "then we're even—the devil has yours."—Sunset Watchman.

Bad Off.—"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, how do you do today? "O dear doctor, I enjoy very bad health intirely. This rhumetis is very distressing indeed. When I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my toe is swelled up as big as a goose's hen's egg, so when I stand up I fall down directly, and so I do."

Archdeacon Fisher was not without a little vanity on the subject of his sermons, and once received a quiet hint from Constable on the subject. Having once preached an old sermon, which he was not aware that Constable had heard before, he asked him how he liked it.

"Very much, indeed, Fisher," replied Constable, "I always did like that sermon."

Very Romantic.—Must it not be very romantic to be on your knees before a lovely one of Love's lovely daughters, heaving up a torrent of sweet words between her glowing, parted lips, raising roses on her cheeks by the mere bringing of her humid pleasure to her eyes, at the identical moment when she is going to swoon away in your arms, to hear her anxious mother cry, "You, Sal, have you fed the pigs?"

"What is that?" said the Sunday-school teacher, pointing to the letter O. "Dunno," said theurchin. "What do you say when you stub your toe?" "Dam it!" was the precious reply.

A clergyman, at the examination of the young scholars of his Sunday-school, put the following question: "Why did the children of Israel set up a golden calf?" "Because they had not money enough to get up an ox," was the reply of a little chap who took a dollar and cents view of the matter.

THE RURAL SOUTHERNER.

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It is proposed to publish at Columbia, as soon as a sufficient number of bona fide subscribers are sent in, a Weekly AGRICULTURAL and FAMILY NEWSPAPER, under the above title. In this enterprise are engaged the best practical and scientific Agricultural writers in the State, and the Literary, News, Manufacturing and Religious departments will be under the control of the best literary talent of the South.

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Mar 21 1f

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A Call is Solicited—Terms reasonable.
WM. A. WRIGHT & CO.,
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WEST & MAX.
June 11 6m 24

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Apr 24 1f

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July 4 1m 27

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New York, Oct 19 [A.S.W.] 43

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Mar 13 6m 11

State of South Carolina, EDGEFIELD DISTRICT, IN EQUITY.
Tillman Watson, Ex'or, vs. Thos. A. Potts and others.

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